

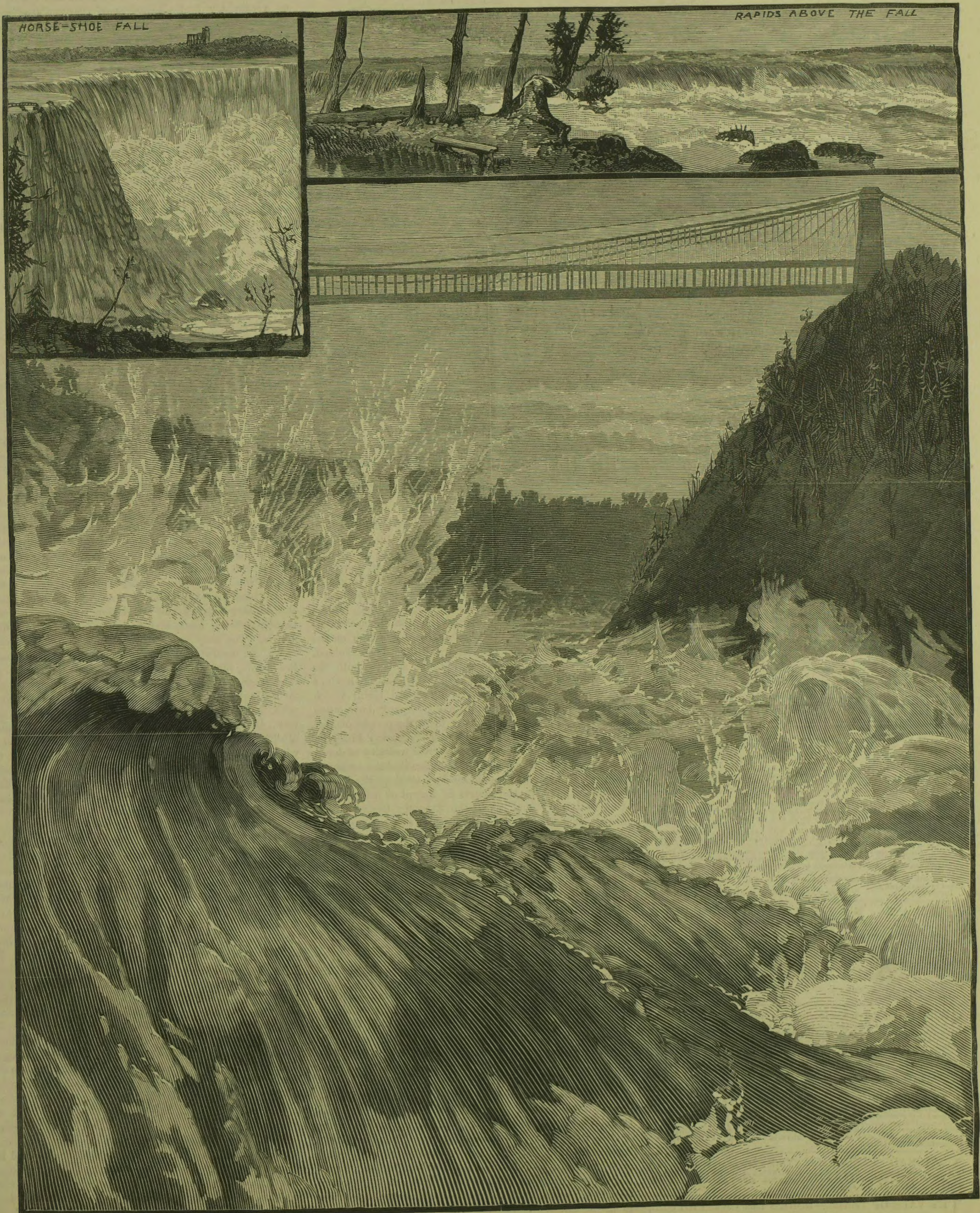
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2311.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

WITH SUPPLEMENT AND COLOURED SKETCHES } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN WEBB: THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS, NIAGARA.

BIRTH.

On the 29th ult., the Lady Torpichen, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 5th ult., at St. Michael's, Chester-square, by the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, John Creney Sigsworth, of Herne-hill, Surrey, eldest son of the late Frederick Parker Sigsworth, of York, to Emily, widow of the late Thomas Aldebert, and only surviving daughter of the late Benjamin Briskham, of Royal Avenue, Chelsea. Yorkshire papers please copy.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON.	Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
SEAFOURNE.	Trains also from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
ST. LEONARDS.	Return Tickets from London, available for eight days.
WORTHING.	Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
LITTLEHAMPTON.	Improved Train Services.
HAYLING ISLAND.	Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.
PORTSMOUTH.	
SOUTHSEA.	

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY (except Aug. 7, 8, and 9).—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d.; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday as under:—		Paris.	
Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Dep. 7.30 a.m.	Arr. 6.40 p.m.
Aug. 4 Dep. 7.15 a.m.	Dep. 7.30 a.m.	Arr. 6.40 p.m.	
" 7 " 8.10 " "	" 8.20 " "	" 6.40 " "	
" 8 " 8.10 " "	" 8.20 " "	" 6.40 " "	
" 8 " 8.10 " "	" 8.20 " "	" 6.40 " "	
NIGHT TIDAL SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.			
FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class. 2nd Class.			
Available for Return within One Month. £2 15 0 £1 10 0			
Third-Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.			
The "Normandy" and "Brittany," splendid fast paddle-steamer, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under Four Hours.			
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.			
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.			

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Office, 24, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN and CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The SUMMER SERVICE of PASSENGER TRAINS from LONDON to SCOTLAND is now in operation.

WEEK DAYS.		A.		B.	
London (Euston Station)	dep.	5.15	7.15	10.0	11.0
Edinburgh	arr.	4.30	5.50	7.50	9.45
Glasgow	arr.	4.45	6.00	8.00	9.45
Greenock	arr.	5.02	7.15	9.15	11.42
Oban	arr.	5.43	—	—	—
Perth	arr.	6.50	—	9.35	11.40
Dundee	arr.	7.50	—	10.30	12.50
Aberdeen	arr.	10.10	—	—	3.20
Inverness	arr.	—	—	—	8.0

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m.) leaves Euston every night (Saturdays excepted), and is due at Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the steamers to the Western Coast of Scotland. It also arrives at Perth in time to enable passengers to breakfast there before proceeding northwards.

THE TRAIN WILL BE RUN SPECIALLY ON SATURDAY, AUG. 11. From July 16 to Aug. 10 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) an additional express train will leave Euston Station at 7.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. This train will convey special parties, horses, and carriages.

A Does not run to Oban or Dundee on Sunday mornings. B Does not run beyond Edinburgh and Glasgow on Sunday mornings.

Day Saloons fitted with lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10.0 a.m. down express-train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge.

IMPROVED SLEEPING SALOONS, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, Five Shillings for each berth.

CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

The Line to Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of up-train service from Scotland to London, see the Companies' Time Bills.

July, 1883. G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway. J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—SCOTLAND.—The Summer

Service of Trains to Scotland by the MIDLAND ROUTE will be in operation from July 23 to Oct. 12, inclusive (Sundays excepted). The HIGHLAND EXPRESS will leave St. Pancras for Edinburgh, Perth, Inverness, &c., at 8.0 p.m.; and the corresponding Up Train will leave Perth at 7.35, Greenock at 8.50, Glasgow at 10.10, and Edinburgh at 10.50 p.m., arriving at St. Pancras at 8.30 a.m. The Service of Express-Trains from London (St. Pancras) to Scotland from July 23 will be as follows:—

DOWN TRAINS.—WEEKDAYS.		SUN.	
LONDON (St. Pancras)	dep.	a.m.	p.m.
Greenock	arr.	5.15	10.35
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	arr.	5.30	9.40
Edinburgh (Waverley)	arr.	5.42	8.40
Perth	arr.	9.20	11.40
Aberdeen	arr.	—	3.20
INVERNESS	arr.	—	8.0

A—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 on Saturday nights has no connection with Greenock or Trains north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.

C—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Perth. D—Pullman Drawing-room Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. E—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow daily, also to Greenock, except on Saturday nights.

The Pullman Cars are well ventilated, fitted with lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a Special Attendant. Charge for seat in Drawing-Room Car, and for berth in Sleeping-Car 8s., in addition to the first-class fare.

The Evening Express leaving London at 9.15 a.m. reaches Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the Columbia or Iona steamers for the Highlands. A through carriage is run from London to Greenock by this train, also by the 10.35 a.m., from St. Pancras.

For Particulars of Up Train Service from Scotland to London see Time Tables issued by the Company. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager, Midland Railway. Derby, July, 1883.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY—SEASIDE. The SUMMER SERVICE of EAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Looe, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to the above-named Stations at Reduced Fares.

TOURIST TICKETS, available up to Dec. 31, 1883, are also issued from London (Liverpool-street) to Fife, Scarborough, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.

For full particulars, see bills. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager. London, July, 1883.

SWISS Postal Service.—During the Summer Season will be commenced the complete ALPINE ROUTES, as follow:—The Simplon, Splügen, Berninard, Brünig, Furka, Oberalp, Schyn, Julier, Albula, Fluela, Lukmanier, Landwasser, Landquart, Bernina, Maloja, Aigle, Chateau d'Oex, Bulle, Saanen, Bulle, Bolligen, in the valley of Simmenthal; as also on the Routes Beckried, Sarren and Brunnen Einsiedeln. A regular Postal Service with comfortable Post Carriages with Coups and Banquettes. The fares are regulated by the Swiss Government. Extra post-carriages can be obtained on most of these routes; to secure which, or the ordinary courses, address—the Tourist Offices of Messrs. COOK and SON, GAZE and SON, and CAYGILL, in London.

LAKE OF LUCERNE.—Important Notice.—Travellers desirous of varying their journey by a trip on the Lake between Lucerne and Fluelen can conveniently do so, arriving in time to take the trains at Fluelen or Lucerne, as the steamers correspond. A voyage on this magnificent Lake affords the greatest pleasure, and a beneficial change after a fatiguing railway journey. The large Saloon Steamers start at frequent intervals. Fare, 3.60. First-class Buffet. Prospectuses at the Hotels.

NATIONAL PANORAMA, York-street, Westminster (opposite St. James's Park Station).—PANORAMA of the BATTLE of TEL-EL-KEBIR, by the celebrated Painter Olivier Pichat. OPEN DAILY, Nine a.m. to Eight p.m. Admission, 1s.; Fridays, 2s. 6d.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 55, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN. Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary." **TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES**, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. WILL CLOSE SHORTLY.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, Piccadilly, W.—The SIXTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION, which includes a Loan Collection of the Works of the late Vice-President, W. L. Leitch, will CLOSE AUG. 6. Admission, from Ten to Six, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. Will be Open in the Evening, from Seven to Ten, from July 30 to Aug. 6. Admission, 6d.

NATIONAL BANK HOLIDAY.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL. MONDAY, AUG. 6. Afternoon at Three, Evening at Eight, THE WORLD-FAMED

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

will give Two Special Performances of their LAST NEW and ENORMOUSLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME, which has been unanimously pronounced as the VERY BEST and STRONGEST ever produced by this Company. HUNDREDS HAVING BEEN TURNED AWAY FROM THE MOORE and BURGESS HALL at every performance given during the last few weeks. In order, therefore, to provide accommodation for the vast influx of visitors, the performances will be given in THE GREAT HALL, where there is ample accommodation for five thousand visitors. Doors open at Two and at Seven. TWO THOUSAND SHILLING SEATS.

Now ready, elegantly bound in cloth gilt,

VOL. 82 ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

Price 20s.; in Paper Covers, 16s.

CASES, for binding above 2s. 6d. each. READING-CASE, for holding a single Number ... 2s. 6d. " PORTFOLIOS, for Six Months' Numbers 4s. 6d. " 198, Strand, W.C.

INDEX TO VOL. EIGHTY-TWO.

A new Index, consisting of Sixteen Pages, price Fourpence, is in course of preparation, and will contain a very complete Analysis of the contents of the volume. We recommend our subscribers to delay binding their volumes till it appears, on Aug. 11, and to order it early from their Newsagents. But persons who do not feel disposed to wait so long can have the Titlepage and Index to Engravings GRATIS on application to any Newsagent; or at the Office, 198, Strand.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

AUGUST 4, 1883.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON News being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Two-pence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; and *Three-pence* to China (via Brindisi) and India.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

The debate of Monday night on the Suez Canal question was eminently satisfactory and dignified, and showed the House of Commons at its best. Sir Stafford Northcote, driven to the necessity of doing something, moved a futile resolution in a statesman-like speech, and the speakers, with few exceptions, seemed to feel the importance of saying nothing that would wound French susceptibilities. The adoption of the motion, superfluous as it was, might have provoked dangerous action on the part of the Chamber of Deputies. This has been avoided. Our neighbours can hardly fail to be satisfied with the whole tone of the discussion—with the Opposition leader's candid admission of "the strong moral claim which the promoters of the Suez Canal Company have upon all the world, and not the least upon the people of this country;" with the stress laid by Mr. Norwood, himself a shipowner, upon a strict regard for the validity of documents; with Mr. Gladstone's declaration that the technical rights of M. de Lesseps could not be settled by the British Parliament, but in the courts of Egypt or before some other tribunal; and with the Attorney-General's assurance that the best representatives of the mercantile community value our national character and honour more than immediate pecuniary advantage. The large majority of 99, in a House of 465 members, decided to leave open the question raised on Sir Stafford Northcote's resolution, and have incidentally relieved the Government from an embarrassing situation, as well as strengthened their hands for the remainder of the Session.

Thus, as M. Waddington desired, "oil has been cast upon the troubled waters," and by the unlooked-for agency of the British House of Commons. After suitable delay, both sides will be able to approach the subject with calmness and with a desire to discover an adequate practical solution of the problem. It is worthy of note that the Prime Minister expressed himself hopeful, and even certain, of a future arrangement. Complicated as are the interests involved in the creation of a second Canal, or rather in the adequate increase of facilities of communication between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, it is to be borne in mind that, however small the controlling power of England, she holds nearly one half of the shares of the company. The Provisional Agreement with M. de Lesseps cannot be revived, but it may eventually be found that the best means of permanently solving the difficulty will be to make the Suez Canal an international waterway—an arm of the sea, free to all the world. If this principle, which has been once and again endorsed by M. de Lesseps, should come to be

universally recognised, the practical details could be easily settled, and the nation that most uses the Canal as a maritime highway will assuredly exercise the chief control over it.

1883 has already gained unenviable distinction for its terrible catastrophes. The most sudden and appalling was the earthquake which on Saturday night devastated the lovely island of Ischia, the famed bathing and pleasure resort of Southern Italy, and in a few moments destroyed Casamicciola, its chief town, and the neighbouring villages, which were thronged with visitors from the mainland, especially from Naples, three hours' distance by steam. There was no warning of the cruel visitation. A tremendous shock and roaring noise, and sulphurous exhalations, during which the ground rose and fell like the sea in a storm, were the outward and visible signs of a calamity that claimed some thousands of victims and maimed many hundreds more, converted nearly every building into a heap of ruins, and spread desolation over the whole island. Nothing enables us better to realise the horrors of this great convulsion than the narrative of an eye-witness who had gone to the theatre. Hardly had the curtain been drawn up than the ground began to rise, the walls to fall, and the audience became a helpless mass of human beings thrown together in a heap. Among the dead are the members of many noble families and high officials. In the work of rescuing the wounded much energy and devotion were exhibited day and night by the authorities of Naples. King Humbert has, with characteristic humanity, hastened to Ischia, and his Ministers have shown a promptitude in succouring the survivors equal to the emergency. It is quite possible that the horrors of a destructive earthquake may be succeeded by the terrors of pestilence. In view of such tragedies, from which they are so signally exempt, Englishmen may well be reconciled to their dripping skies, east winds, and occasional fogs.

Nor is this the only source of contentment at this present season. Should cholera visit this island we are better prepared for it than at any former period. Compared with Egypt—we might say with any Continental country—England is a land where the conditions of health are exceptionally favourable, and in which the laws of sanitary science have reached their highest development. Nor is our knowledge and enlightenment of a selfish nature. Our presence in the Valley of the Nile as a governing influence involves responsibilities which are fully recognised, and are now being acted on. British energy has at length overcome Oriental fatalism. There is a possibility that what has been done in India, we may be able to effect in Egypt. It was much more difficult to persuade the impotent native officials to make way for experienced medical advisers from England than to make the Egyptians willing to put up with a British army of occupation. Just now Surgeon-General Hunter is a more important personage at Cairo than even Major-General Wood; and, by favour of the Khedive, he has been invested with supreme authority in respect to the sanitary state of the population. Cholera still rages throughout the land, and has now got a hold on Alexandria. The only wonder is, looking at the revelations as to the uncleanly habits and incredible superstitions of the people, that its ravages have not been more fatal. Ere long, however, in addition to the gallant corps of English medical officers who have volunteered to go to Egypt with their lives in their hands, and are now far on their way, Dr. Hunter will be reinforced by forty trained Moslem Hospital assistants from our Eastern Empire, who will not only be able to deal with the pestilence that now decimates the population, but will form the nucleus of a sanitary agency which may permanently diminish mortality and pave the way for a beneficent revolution in the conditions of life in that interesting country.

For the last time, James Carey figures as an object of public interest. The Government faithfully carried out its compact with this heartless and despicable informer, without whose aid, however, the Phoenix Park assassins would probably never have been brought to justice. With skilful management he was, with his family, got away from Dublin, and put on board a steamer at Dartmouth bound for the Cape. Here he was transhipped to Natal, a colony which is not blessed with many Irishmen. But vengeance dogged his footsteps. Before he could disembark at his port of destination, the arch-approver was shot by an American Fenian on board the same steamer. Happily, O'Donnell, the assassin, has been captured, and will probably be brought to England for trial. The news of Carey's murder has created much rejoicing among the lower classes in Ireland. But, although he thoroughly deserves his fate, the incident is adapted to shake that confidence in the supremacy of the law which recent events have tended to deepen. For the many victims of ferocious Irish Thuggism—people who have been un-offending, and have been butchered in cold blood—there is no popular sympathy. The mass of the population, it is to be feared, entertain more regret for the deserved fate of the executed Inevitable than for the stabbing to death of the unselfish Lord Frederick Cavendish, whom these assassins hacked to pieces. And they exult in the death of Carey not because he was a hardened criminal, but only as having been a double-faced informer.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"Gerridge!" exclaims the evergreen Mrs. Stirling in her never-to-be-forgotten impersonation of the haughty old Marchioness in "Caste." "There is no such name as Gerridge. There cannot be such a name as Gerridge." It is the deliberately and publicly expressed opinion of the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, that there is no London, and that there cannot be such a place as London until a Municipal Government Bill for the metropolis has been passed. This was what the Home Secretary roundly told an influential deputation from the metropolitan vestries, introduced by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., who went to Whitehall to make certain representations relative to the increased charges made by the water companies of the metropolis. I notice that the mysterious functionary who is called the High Bailiff of Westminster was the spokesman of the deputation. I presume that Sir W. V. Harcourt will concede that there is a High Bailiff of Westminster.

Said the Right Hon. ignorer of the sun at noonday:—

In the situation in which we find ourselves, and being in that situation, how can we deal with this matter? It was proposed, first of all, to buy up the water companies. But then, who was to buy them? Naturally, London ought to have bought them. But there is no London. If it had been Birmingham, or a much smaller place, they might have been able to look after their own interests. . . . And I cannot hold out any hopes that any Government can hope to do for London what London ought to do for itself. So the deputation was practically placed in the position of the proverbial person who went for wool and came away shorn. Of course, in his negation of the existence of London, Sir William was speaking ironically. But his speech was not only a smart rhetorical performance. It was a very clever party move, and must have intensely amused Sir Charles Dilke, who, in his capacity as President of the Local Government Board, was present "to see fair." Underlying the Home Secretary's remarks was a strong current of reproach to the metropolitan vestries for not having spoken out more loudly in favour of the Government of London Bill, which, had the vestries "pronounced" more articulately, would possibly not have been abandoned. The adroitness of his tactics was especially conspicuous in its tendency to put the opponents in what is popularly termed "the wrong box." The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., is a distinguished member of the Conservative party; and the Tories are generally understood to be inimical to the government of London scheme. The Home Secretary was, in effect, saying to the deputation, "You come here to complain of an intolerable wrong. If the metropolis had a municipality, that wrong could be at once redressed. But you do not want a municipality for the metropolis. What do you want? Centralised despotism and a Prefect of the Thames?"

Even while I am penning this, there lies before me a communication from a gentleman whose residence is in the most aristocratic quarter of the south-western region of London. Recently he and his family have been half asphyxiated by the noisome odour from the dustbin of a neighbouring house. He complained to the Vestry; and the clerk of that body politely informed him, in reply, that the Sanitary Inspectors had been directed to give the matter immediate attention, and that the dustmen had orders to remove the dust from every house in their district regularly once a week. The "point" of the official communication consists, in my correspondent's opinion, in the assumption that, at this season of lobster-shells and accumulated vegetable refuse of every kind (and I have even heard of tainted meat being thrown into the dustbins), once a week should be considered often enough for such receptacles to be cleared out. And when "Dusty Bob" does come, he expects backhish for doing his duty. If he be not "tipped," he will not come again until the Vestry screw is put upon the contractor. I look at this practice as simply shameful. It might be abrogated if householders whose servants were asked by the dustmen for money had the courage forthwith to call in a police constable and give "Dusty Bob" into custody for begging. But it is questionable whether the inspector on duty at the station would book the charge, or whether the magistrate would convict; and, after an irritating outlay of time and temper, we might find ourselves, in the matter of our dustbins, worse off than we were before.

Sir Henry Thompson has done a distinct public service by republishing *in extenso* (W. Clowes and Sons, Charing-cross) his remarkable lecture delivered at the International Fisheries Exhibition on "Fish as Food." Naturally, amid the hurryscurry of the London season, such lectures are nearly always lamely and imperfectly reported; but we have now the whole text of the lecture before us, and are able to know what the eminent surgeon and distinguished authority on dietetics really said and meant. The following passage will be read with keen interest by all patrons of the Trafalgar and the Ship (*Eheu!* what has become of the Brunswick and the Artichoke at Blackwall?):—

I cannot help alluding to the curious fact, which I have no doubt arises from the physiological law which I have been illustrating (that man should not live on fish alone, but that the fish should be accompanied by a proportion of starch and fat) that, at a Greenwich fish dinner, from time immemorial, however profuse and varied the service of fish has been, at the end of it appears a fat ham, or a handsome piece of Yorkshire bacon, surrounded by broad beans. Clearly, the dish is not wanted in such luxurious circumstances; but it is, beyond doubt, a survival of the practice founded on a natural want; and the bacon makes its appearance because experience ages ago taught mankind that, after fish or with fish, a portion of fat is demanded.

Why, certainly, Sir Henry. Our ancestors *did* know something about dietetics. See "A Noble Boke off Cookry for a Prynce Housholde," written four hundred years ago, and recently reprinted from the rare MSS. in the Holkham collection, and edited by Mrs. Alexander Napier. See the "Noble Boke" for "congru freche" followed by "flam-payne"; "lamprey rost" and "payn puff"; "bacon hering," "lamprey bake" in "a large coffyn of pured floure"; "turtolletes of fische"; and any number of recipes for dressing fish in fat, or surrounding it with piecrust.

But when Sir Henry Thompson proceeds to descant on

conger-eel, I confess that the galled jade winces, and that my withers are not unwrung:—

I shall but enumerate the conger—excellent for soup and stew-making—the source, as few people seem to be aware, of all our turtle soup when it is at its best, the turtle furnishing only the garnish and the name.

How is so lucid and authoritative a statement to be refuted? The thick, rich, gelatinous, lip-sticking stock, which forms the basis of so-called turtle-soup, is made from conger eel. But why have not the writers of cookery books the honesty to admit that the best stock for turtle-soup is conger? I have not the time to look through a collection of more than two hundred culinary compilations; but I will just open four at random. Here is "Simpson's Complete Cookery," by Brand, "of the kitchen of his late Majesty George IV." (1833); next comes "The Universal Cook," by Collingwood and Woollams, chief cooks at the London Tavern (1806); thirdly, "The Cook's Dictionary," by Richard Dolby, cook at the Thatched House Tavern; and, finally, the quite modern "New Cookery Book," by Ann Bowman (Routledge). In not one of these books is a single word said about conger eel as "stock" for "turtle" soup. The stock recommended is one either of beef or veal.

But here is an esteemed correspondent who, while confirming the conger "turtle" statement, favours me with a very curious recipe, not of a culinary, but of a scholastic nature. It refers to the great Issue of Cramming, in which Mr. Walter Wren, M.A., has wielded so doughty a lance.

"Catch," writes my correspondent, "as many boys as you can between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Ascertain at what schools they are being educated, and against each boy's name write the approximate annual cost to his parents of his education. Then ask each boy a few simple questions—e.g.: (1) the earth's diameter; (2) the earth's circumference; (3) the value of ω and π ; (4) to multiply 2s. 6d. by 3s. 9d. by decimals; (5) to give some idea of latitude and longitude; (6) to translate a few brief and well-known Latin sentences into English; (7) similarly to translate two or three French sentences of half a dozen words each. A few questions in history and geography may be added." In the opinion of my correspondent the correctness of the replies would be found in an inverse ratio to the cost of the education:—that the twelve-year-old boy at thirty pounds a year would know something; while the sixteen-year-old boy at two hundred a year knew (comparatively) nothing.

But here is yet another recipe, being one, indeed, for a "rich hash" of things in general made by a correspondent (E. F. P., Manchester), who writes:—

In the "Echoes" of the week before last, speaking of René de Vaudemont, you say "he was an ancestor of Beaufranchet, Comte d'Oyat (the by-blow of Louis Quinze), and on whom the grim duty devolved of ordering the drums to be beaten to drown the voice of Louis Seize on the scaffold in the Place de la Révolution." Reading this brings to my mind Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum." You doubtless remember the drummer's words:—

"Ho, drummer boy, silence you Capet,"

Said Santerre, "with the sound of your drum."

Lustily then did I tap it,

And the son of St. Louis was dumb.

Was W. M. T. wrong in ascribing the order to Santerre, who (if I remember rightly) was a Parisian butcher? I also note you call the place of execution the "Place de la Révolution." Thackeray, on the other hand, says:—

You all know the Place de la Concorde,

It stands by the Tuileries wall.

Was the name subsequently changed?

In the first place, I never said that René de Vaudemont was an ancestor of Beaufranchet, Comte d'Oyat. I said that Beaufranchet's name seemed to me as pretty a one as Vaudemont. Santerre was not a Parisian butcher, but a very well known brewer, to whom Dr. Johnson, during his stay in Paris, paid a visit. The statement that not Santerre but Beaufranchet, *ci-devant* Comte d'Oyat, son of Louis XV. and the actress La Morphise, gave, as Chief of the Staff of the Army of Paris, the order for the drums to roll, rests on the authority of Lamartine ("Histoire des Girondins"). As regards the Place de la Concorde, it was originally called the Place Louis Quinze, and subsequently the Place de la Révolution.

On the Seventh of last July I wrote that if Captain Webb intended to attempt to swim the Whirlpool of the Niagara Rapids, the final word about the insane undertaking might have to be said by a Coroner's Jury. Captain Webb has duly made the attempt, and the Coroner's Jury have as duly returned a verdict of "Found drowned." There is no credit whatever in having predicted what to any person knowing anything about Niagara must have been "a dead certainty"; but surely the municipal authorities at Niagara might have taken measures to prevent the poor man from committing suicide.

In a curiously unscientific vein, the leading journal tells its readers that "the strange apparition of the Brocken, so frequently seen in the Hartz mountains, seems to have paid a visit to the United States, a Mr. Warr, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey having reported that he had witnessed this atmospheric phenomena in the Tonjabe Range, Nevada. The Spectre assumed the aspect of a monster figure of a man standing in mid-air on the top of a mountain peak, "which had but the thin air of the valley beneath as a resting-place"; Mr. Warr being at the time engaged "in doing service as a heliotroper all alone on the top of Arc Dome." "The new European emigrant," adds my contemporary, "is exciting considerable interest in the States."

The Brocken produces something else besides atmospheric phenomena, and the United States Emigration Commissioners should take sedulous pains to prevent the admission of such suspicious "emigrants" from the Blocksberg of gnomes, kobolds, witches, and especially headless horsemen. It would be indeed a terrible thing if, on the eve of next May Day, a "heliotroper" wandering about the Arc Dome or Jeff Davis's Peak in the Tonjabe Range came on a shadowy host of "emigrants" from the Hartz Mountains, busily engaged in celebrating the fearsome mysteries of a Nevada *Walpurgisnacht*.

There must be plenty of jagged masses of granite about to do duty for "the Devil's Pulpit," and "the Witches' Altar" of the Blocksberg. As for the *Brockengespenst*, it "emigrated," ages ago, to England, and is a well-known *habitué* among the Cumberland fells. The Spectre took a multiplied and equestrian form in the Lake Country just before the 'Forty-Five: the apparitions being merely the shadows of a troop of mounted Jacobites who were surreptitiously drilling.

I read that the General Purposes Committee of the Brighton Town Council have received a deputation from a committee formed for promoting a second line of railway from the metropolis to the Queen of watering places, and have decided that, in their opinion, the project, as shown in the plans submitted, should be approved, but that the Town Council be recommended to defer passing a definite judgment on the scheme until further details, including the scale of the proposed maximum tolls, be submitted.

If the good folk of Brighton sanction this project of a second railway from London I shall begin to think that they are taking leave of their senses. A railway station on the Old Steyne would be quite as objectionable as tramway cars on the King's Road or the Marine Parade. Brighton is a great deal too much "London-super-Mare" as it is; but a second railway would, in my opinion, simply ruin it as a watering place. The existing London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (which must run, I should say, some thirteen trains a day) answers every requirement of the townspeople and the visitors. The making of a second railway would result, first, in a disastrous competition between the two companies as to which should run the cheapest trains: "Eight Hours at the Seaside for two shillings, and a sandwich and a glass of ale for Nothing"; "Nine Hours at the Seaside for one and ninepence, with shrimps and bread and butter and your photograph taken gratuitously," and so forth. Then would come (inevitably) a reaction in the shape of an arrangement between the rival companies, which would, in the end, represent two stools, between which the public would come to the ground, in the way of increased fares and inferior accommodation. The present Brighton Railway does its work admirably, and it is best to let well alone.

The controversy touching the manner in which Mr. Wills has whitewashed the character of Charles I. and blackened that of Oliver Cromwell, in a pathetic but unhistorical play, continues; and the dramatist has ably vindicated in the columns of the *Times* his own view of a question which, among ripe historical students, has long since ceased to be a vexed one. But should any other gentleman wish to write a play on the subject of Charles I., I shall be happy (for a consideration), if the dramatist be a Cavalier, to supply him with plenty of documentary evidence to prove that Charles was a Martyr, a munificent patron of the arts, an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, a faithful husband, a loving father, and a devout member of the Church of England as by law established; whereas O. Cromwell was an upstart, a bankrupt brewer who adulterated the beer which he brewed, a hypocrite, a tyrant, and a murderer, revoltingly subject to epileptic fits, and with a face much disfigured by pimples. I am prepared to show too that his wife was a very stingy housekeeper, who counted the carrots that went to the boiled beef, and denied her husband an orange to his loin of veal, because oranges, forsooth, were a grout apiece.

But, if the playwright be a Roundhead I will (also for a consideration) direct his attention to a whole legion of sermons, political pamphlets, lampoons, squibs, pasquinades, and caricatures all tending to show the Man Charles Stuart was a tyrant, a traitor, an impostor, a shedder of human blood, and a Son of Belial; that he never wrote *Eikon Basilike*; that the speech which he is said to have delivered on the scaffold is apocryphal; that the horrible outrages and indignities inflicted on William Prynne were dictated solely by the spite and malice of Charles against the indelible barrister of Lincoln's Inn, who, in the "Histrionastix," had derided the histrionic antics of Henrietta Maria in the Whitehall Masques; that Charles's fidelity to the Anglican Church was problematical, and that, on the whole, he was a very unprincipled and perfidious Enemy of his Country, and richly deserved to have his head cut off.

At the same time, there is one accusation which Mr. Wills has brought against the memory of Oliver, which is palpably and transparently unjust. He calls him a Vandal as regards art. The incontrovertible historical truth is that Cromwell, so soon as ever he became possessed of sole power in the State, peremptorily put a stop to the further dispersion of the Royal collection of paintings and sculpture; and that he made Ludlow prevent the sale of Hampton Court Palace. Finally, when the King's collection was brought to sale, Cromwell purchased the cartoons of Raffaele and restored them at Hampton Court, and secured for the same palace the Twelve Caesars of Andrea Mantegna, and a number of splendid works by Vandyck, Titian, Giulio Romano, and Tintoretto. But for the conflagration which in the reign of William III. consumed the Royal palace at Whitehall, there would be at this time in the possession of the Crown many more superb works of art, the preservation of which was solely due to the liberality and discrimination of the "Vandal" Oliver Cromwell.

An expert in precious stones has recently been examining, through the medium of a "dichroscope" (should it not be "dichroscope"?), a so-called new gem called "violane," recently introduced from Paris. Collectors of "pierres de fantaisie" have been purchasing specimens of "violane" at very high prices, "thinking they were a new and transparent variety of the mineral violan, a dark violet-blue variety of pyroxene." Such, the expert in precious stones holds, is not the case. The so-called "new gem" is an imitation of the amethyst, made of glass, with an admixture of potage and borax. They are easily scratched with quartz, and under the dichroscope show, naturally, no extraordinary ray. The expert found that the true value of a specimen for which fifty pounds had been given was about two shillings. Pleasant for the "party" who parted with the fifty pounds. It is an age of shams, and imitations, and adulterations. "Would you believe it?" exclaims a bourgeois of the M. Joseph Prudhomme type in one of the French papers, "I sent for a loud of sand for my aviary, and there was positively some sugar in it. What will they adulterate next?" G. A. S.